

*The second part of*

Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,  
As a false fauorite doth his princes name:  
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,  
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,  
The subiects of his substitute my father,  
And both against the peace of heauen and him,  
Haue here vpswarind them.

*Bishop* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your fathers peace,  
But as I told my lord of Westmerland,  
The time misfordred doth in common sense,  
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,  
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,  
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,  
The which hath beene with scorne shoued from the court,  
Whereon this Hidra, sonne of warre is borne,  
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,  
With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,  
And true obedience of this madnes cured,  
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

*Mow.* If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fal downe,  
We haue supplies to second our attempt,  
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,  
And so successe of mischief shall be borne,  
And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,  
Whiles England shall haue generation.

*Prince* You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,  
To found the bottome of the after times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answere them directly,  
How far forth you do like their articles.

*Prince* I like them all, and do allow them well,  
And sweare here by the honour of my blood,  
My fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,  
And some about him haue too lauishly,

Wrested

*Henry the fourth.*

Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My Lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,  
Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,  
Discharge your powers vnto their feucrall counties,  
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,  
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eies may beate those tokens home,  
Of our restored loue and amitie.

*Bishop* I take your princely word for these redrestes,  
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,  
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

*Prince* Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie  
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.  
I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

*Bishop* To you my noble lord of Westmerland.

*West.* I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,  
I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,  
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye  
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bishop* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it,  
Health to my Lord, and gentle cosin Mowbray.  
*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am on the sodaine something ill.

*Bishop* Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,  
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

*West.* Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow  
Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

*Bishop* Beleue me I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse if your owne rule be true. *Shout.*

*Prin.* The word of peace is rendred, heark how they shewt.

*Mow.* This had bin cheerefull after victory.

*Bishop* A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party looser.

*Prince* Go my lord,

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